

what would happen if he slammed his face into the concrete at considerable speed. Now, Vince, it's really not all that bad (as for SM JN, well, how miserable could Fuzzy Lockerman make our lives? He'd make us memorize the important stats of every bar that ever served a proper pint in all of Brooklyn, and then the other boroughs? Regulation fuzzy pink running tights for everyone?). A few of us huddled around him and tried to persuade him to just give life under SM JN a try and we shuffled him off to spend some quality time with his new master and see if they couldn't find some common ground. And we continued on our somewhat unsure way...

The rest of the run was fraught with fear. SM JN sent us off towards the Brooklyn Bridge to that up-and-coming area known as DUMBO, then up into Vinegar Hill (always a nice area to pop into—maybe he wasn't leading us off into our own Guyana, the Heaven's Gate of Hashing), back through the projects towards the start, back through some of MetroTech, back into the Heights, eventually to the Promenade (where a few of us got completely fucked by a miscreant with colored chalk; they ought to outlaw the stuff to anyone not laying or following a sanctioned trail leading to a bar!), some more mayhem ensued on the trail that then led us under the BQE to the foothills of Atlantic Ave., past a perfectly good bar, then through what is coming to be known as Carroll Gardens West towards Red Hook, then sharp East past the entry to the tunnel and up into southern Carroll Gardens. And just when we really thought we'd had enough, we arrived at the On-In and the afore-promised 18 beers on tap. I describe this running around in a glossed over, yet surprisingly detailed, manner just to give those of you who weren't there some sense of what SM JN had in store for us—has in store for us all. We ran through one heck of a lot of downtown Brooklyn, in terms of both scope and variety, not to mention sheer distance. We were going to get to know Brooklyn the way Jerry knows Brooklyn even if it killed us.

Well, once the first pint was filled it was agreed that, so far, life under the Supreme One and his sidekick was pretty darn good. There had not been quite 18 checks, though close, and Jerry had made the painful mistake of misspelling, among other brew names, Guinness (which is why most people just use an X to mark a check, it's harder to misspell). So, two down-downs for him. And because it was the fifth of May, otherwise known in Mexico as Cinco de Mayo, and not needing any more excuse, the Archbishop pulled out a bottle of tequila to show that his contribution to this regime would not be inconsequential. And, as if that wasn't enough, he even contributed a box of Krispy Kreme donuts to wash down the burritos we were all graciously provided upon paying the taxes levied upon us (a sizable \$20). At some point, it was suggested that a key player in the former Brooklyn Hash leadership ought to be called at home and publicly humiliated for missing this event, and so someone got Crofty on the line and we all gave him a trans-borough down-down. His absence was not complete, however, since the new leadership had decided to print up shirts devoted to the memory of what was to be his last run (at least as an officer of the Brooklyn Hash), but he one-upped them by not bothering to show (the shirts sported a new, rather decent design, but were unfortunate enough to have sleeves...).

So, we ate, we drank, we drank, we drank, a bunch of people left and we drank some more, played some pool, tried a couple of other taps, killed the bottle of tequila, and I don't remember much of anything else except that I was still drunk at work the next day. That's putting some distance into a hash! Maybe this particular dictatorship won't be so bad...